









## MORTAR-SPOTTED SKIN

Covered with Seales Awful Spectacle, Cured in Five Weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.

About the 1st of April last I noticed some spots on my face, and as they grew larger and more numerous, I began to feel that something was wrong. I had been told that Cuticura was good for skin diseases, and I decided to try it. I used it for five weeks, and the spots disappeared. I am now clear and healthy.

GEO. COTTE, Merrill, Wis.

## Cuticura Remedies

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of all remedies for skin diseases. It cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause of all skin diseases. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

It cures all skin diseases, including eczema, psoriasis, and all other skin conditions. It is a powerful purifier, and it is the only remedy that cures the skin and the blood.

## A WEIRD LOVER.

By DAVID KER.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT MADELINE SAW BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

As she saw what it had concealed she uttered a low, choking cry.

"If I could only escape—but there is no hope of that! Or if I had even one friend near me whom I could trust!

Go send me some help quickly, before I die or go mad! Oh, father, father, what a handful of money worth wrecking my life for!"

It was a strange speech for a bride in the first week of her honeymoon; but to poor Madeline Keresyni that one week had seemed longer than a year.

And well it might. Could a single living soul be doomed to eternal imprisonment among the dead, that horrible exile would represent the life of such it could be called to by Madeline found herself fettered without help or hope of deliverance. The grim old feudal fortress, with its gloomy towers and crumbling battlements, its mildewed hangings, moth eaten tapestries and pictures mouldering out of their frames, seemed like a vast tomb itself, and the faint, gliding, spectral retainers who flitted noiselessly through its huge, desolate rooms along its ghostly passages had the withered, gray, lifeless aspect of dried up corpses. Their very movements had a slow, mechanical heaviness utterly unlike any motion of living men, and more appalling to poor Madeline than even the death like appearance of their faces.

But to the ill-fated girl the most terrifying characteristic of these human machines was their stony and unchanging silence. They never seemed to speak to each other; they never by any chance spoke to her, and when she gave an order or asked a question they either replied by signs or made no reply at all. Whether they were actually dumb, or whether their stern master had forbidden them to hold any communication with her, she never, from first to last, heard one of them utter a single word.

Amid this mute train of specters one might have thought that even the companionship of her mysterious and terrible husband—who at least was a human face and spoke with a human voice—would be a kind of relief to her. But the instinctive terror which had always underlain her girlish admiration of Keresyni had now filled her mind so completely as to leave no space for any other feeling. She could not forget how, when they had together before the altar, the consecrated tapers that burned on it suddenly went out (though not a breath of air was stirring), and how her old nurse had solemnly declared that a glance from the fiery eyes of the terrible bridegroom had made these weaker flames tremble and expire. Nor had she forgotten how Keresyni, in the presence of an argument with one of her father's military guests, had darted at his adviser a look beneath which Col. De Malt said:—

"—a strong and courageous man in the prime of life—seemed to shrink and wither like paper shriveling in the fire."

What could be this, man to whom she had bound herself forever? This man with the heavy-lidded eyes, the glance of a demon, accomplished as a hero of romance, yet savage as a wolf of the forest. That some fearful tragedy lay behind the impenetrable mystery that wrapped him like a pall she felt only too sure, and this suspicion was vaguely but terribly confirmed on the very day after their arrival at Janesville castle.

The two earlier meals having been taken in their own room, the evening repast was the princess' first introduction to the great dining hall, which, having been built to hold scores of armed men, lean, corpulent faces peering out at her from an adjoining loophole. No opposition, indeed, was made to the continuance of her morning meals, but whenever she ordered on her horse two of the mute phantoms that guarded her instantly mounted their horses to bear her company. It was plain, then, that for any victim once caught in these fatal toils there was no escape but death; and she felt instinctively that death itself was already hovering over her, and that its stroke would not be long delayed.

And now came a passing spell of wet and stormy weather that lasted for several days, during which Madeline, unable to venture out, employed her hours in leisurely exploring the interior of the castle, many parts of which were still quite new to her. She was all the more inclined to occupy herself in this way because here, and here alone, she was left unmolested by the ceaseless vigilance of the spies who dogged her every movement elsewhere.

In the course of one of these rambles she came upon a long narrow, gloomy passage, which she followed without knowing why. The rooms that opened out of it bore such marks of neglect and decay as showed that they must have lain uninhabited for years; but midway along the corridor she met with an even more striking token of disuse and abandonment—the doorway of a room which had been actually built up, as if it were never to be occupied again.

This itself would have been nothing very remarkable in such a place, but Madeline was startled to perceive by the freshness of the work that this room must have been closed up within the last few years.

Of what dark and mysterious tragedy had these voiceless stones been the mute witnesses? Had her husband, like other men of whom she had read, wandered up one of his enemies alive in this dismal retreat to perish by the slow torture of thirst and famine, or had he?

But at that thought she flung out her hands wildly, as if thrusting away from her some horrible specter, and was just turning to go back when she happened to notice that one of the posts of this blocked up door had parted slightly from the surrounding woodwork, leaving a crack through which it was possible to see into the mysterious chamber.

Driven by an impulse beyond her control she crept up to it and peeped through.

There was not much to be seen within after all—only a bare, dusty, unfurnished room, at the far end, and of which hung

a black curtain. But a strange horror fell suddenly upon her as she gazed, and, springing back as if from the edge of a precipice, she turned and fled away.

Two days after Madeline was wandering aimlessly along a tapestried gallery which she had not seen before, when her foot slipped and she fell with some force against the wall. To her surprise the wall seemed to yield with her, and she guessed that she must have accidentally touched the spring of some secret panel. She lifted the tapestry, pushed back an oaken panel which was standing ajar behind it, and found herself—with what feeling may be easily imagined—in the mysterious room with the black curtain.

For one moment she stood motionless, gazing round her with a secret horror which she could neither understand nor resist.

The door which had been walled up, when thus seen from the inside, appeared to be a massive framework of solid black oak, clamped and banded with iron; and the sight of it increased Madeline's terror, as she thought how frightful a secret must be for which even such defenses as these were accounted insufficient.

The room was covered so thickly with dust that her first step into it had stirred up a cloud which almost choked her; but on the bare, unpainted floor she saw a line of footprints leading up to the black curtain and another line returning from it. These footprints could belong to no one but her husband, and behind that curtain the secret must lie.

With a heart throbbing as if it would burst the excited girl went desperately up to the mysterious veil, paused irresolutely for one instant, and then, seizing the curtain convulsively with both hands, tore it back.

As she saw what it had concealed she uttered a low, choking cry.

"If I could only escape—but there is no hope of that! Or if I had even one friend near me whom I could trust!

Go send me some help quickly, before I die or go mad! Oh, father, father, what a handful of money worth wrecking my life for!"

It was a strange speech for a bride in the first week of her honeymoon; but to poor Madeline Keresyni that one week had seemed longer than a year.

And well it might. Could a single living soul be doomed to eternal imprisonment among the dead, that horrible exile would represent the life of such it could be called to by Madeline found herself fettered without help or hope of deliverance. The grim old feudal fortress, with its gloomy towers and crumbling battlements, its mildewed hangings, moth eaten tapestries and pictures mouldering out of their frames, seemed like a vast tomb itself, and the faint, gliding, spectral retainers who flitted noiselessly through its huge, desolate rooms along its ghostly passages had the withered, gray, lifeless aspect of dried up corpses. Their very movements had a slow, mechanical heaviness utterly unlike any motion of living men, and more appalling to poor Madeline than even the death like appearance of their faces.

But to the ill-fated girl the most terrifying characteristic of these human machines was their stony and unchanging silence. They never seemed to speak to each other; they never by any chance spoke to her, and when she gave an order or asked a question they either replied by signs or made no reply at all. Whether they were actually dumb, or whether their stern master had forbidden them to hold any communication with her, she never, from first to last, heard one of them utter a single word.

Amid this mute train of specters one might have thought that even the companionship of her mysterious and terrible husband—who at least was a human face and spoke with a human voice—would be a kind of relief to her. But the instinctive terror which had always underlain her girlish admiration of Keresyni had now filled her mind so completely as to leave no space for any other feeling. She could not forget how, when they had together before the altar, the consecrated tapers that burned on it suddenly went out (though not a breath of air was stirring), and how her old nurse had solemnly declared that a glance from the fiery eyes of the terrible bridegroom had made these weaker flames tremble and expire. Nor had she forgotten how Keresyni, in the presence of an argument with one of her father's military guests, had darted at his adviser a look beneath which Col. De Malt said:—

"—a strong and courageous man in the prime of life—seemed to shrink and wither like paper shriveling in the fire."

What could be this, man to whom she had bound herself forever? This man with the heavy-lidded eyes, the glance of a demon, accomplished as a hero of romance, yet savage as a wolf of the forest. That some fearful tragedy lay behind the impenetrable mystery that wrapped him like a pall she felt only too sure, and this suspicion was vaguely but terribly confirmed on the very day after their arrival at Janesville castle.

The two earlier meals having been taken in their own room, the evening repast was the princess' first introduction to the great dining hall, which, having been built to hold scores of armed men, lean, corpulent faces peering out at her from an adjoining loophole. No opposition, indeed, was made to the continuance of her morning meals, but whenever she ordered on her horse two of the mute phantoms that guarded her instantly mounted their horses to bear her company. It was plain, then, that for any victim once caught in these fatal toils there was no escape but death; and she felt instinctively that death itself was already hovering over her, and that its stroke would not be long delayed.

And now came a passing spell of wet and stormy weather that lasted for several days, during which Madeline, unable to venture out, employed her hours in leisurely exploring the interior of the castle, many parts of which were still quite new to her. She was all the more inclined to occupy herself in this way because here, and here alone, she was left unmolested by the ceaseless vigilance of the spies who dogged her every movement elsewhere.

In the course of one of these rambles she came upon a long narrow, gloomy passage, which she followed without knowing why. The rooms that opened out of it bore such marks of neglect and decay as showed that they must have lain uninhabited for years; but midway along the corridor she met with an even more striking token of disuse and abandonment—the doorway of a room which had been actually built up, as if it were never to be occupied again.

This itself would have been nothing very remarkable in such a place, but Madeline was startled to perceive by the freshness of the work that this room must have been closed up within the last few years.

Of what dark and mysterious tragedy had these voiceless stones been the mute witnesses? Had her husband, like other men of whom she had read, wandered up one of his enemies alive in this dismal retreat to perish by the slow torture of thirst and famine, or had he?

But at that thought she flung out her hands wildly, as if thrusting away from her some horrible specter, and was just turning to go back when she happened to notice that one of the posts of this blocked up door had parted slightly from the surrounding woodwork, leaving a crack through which it was possible to see into the mysterious chamber.

Driven by an impulse beyond her control she crept up to it and peeped through.

There was not much to be seen within after all—only a bare, dusty, unfurnished room, at the far end, and of which hung

a black curtain. But a strange horror fell suddenly upon her as she gazed, and, springing back as if from the edge of a precipice, she turned and fled away.

Two days after Madeline was wandering aimlessly along a tapestried gallery which she had not seen before, when her foot slipped and she fell with some force against the wall. To her surprise the wall seemed to yield with her, and she guessed that she must have accidentally touched the spring of some secret panel. She lifted the tapestry, pushed back an oaken panel which was standing ajar behind it, and found herself—with what feeling may be easily imagined—in the mysterious room with the black curtain.

For one moment she stood motionless, gazing round her with a secret horror which she could neither understand nor resist.

The door which had been walled up, when thus seen from the inside, appeared to be a massive framework of solid black oak, clamped and banded with iron; and the sight of it increased Madeline's terror, as she thought how frightful a secret must be for which even such defenses as these were accounted insufficient.

The room was covered so thickly with dust that her first step into it had stirred up a cloud which almost choked her; but on the bare, unpainted floor she saw a line of footprints leading up to the black curtain and another line returning from it. These footprints could belong to no one but her husband, and behind that curtain the secret must lie.

With a heart throbbing as if it would burst the excited girl went desperately up to the mysterious veil, paused irresolutely for one instant, and then, seizing the curtain convulsively with both hands, tore it back.

As she saw what it had concealed she uttered a low, choking cry.

"If I could only escape—but there is no hope of that! Or if I had even one friend near me whom I could trust!

Go send me some help quickly, before I die or go mad! Oh, father, father, what a handful of money worth wrecking my life for!"

It was a strange speech for a bride in the first week of her honeymoon; but to poor Madeline Keresyni that one week had seemed longer than a year.

And well it might. Could a single living soul be doomed to eternal imprisonment among the dead, that horrible exile would represent the life of such it could be called to by Madeline found herself fettered without help or hope of deliverance. The grim old feudal fortress, with its gloomy towers and crumbling battlements, its mildewed hangings, moth eaten tapestries and pictures mouldering out of their frames, seemed like a vast tomb itself, and the faint, gliding, spectral retainers who flitted noiselessly through its huge, desolate rooms along its ghostly passages had the withered, gray, lifeless aspect of dried up corpses. Their very movements had a slow, mechanical heaviness utterly unlike any motion of living men, and more appalling to poor Madeline than even the death like appearance of their faces.

But to the ill-fated girl the most terrifying characteristic of these human machines was their stony and unchanging silence. They never seemed to speak to each other; they never by any chance spoke to her, and when she gave an order or asked a question they either replied by signs or made no reply at all. Whether they were actually dumb, or whether their stern master had forbidden them to hold any communication with her, she never, from first to last, heard one of them utter a single word.

Amid this mute train of specters one might have thought that even the companionship of her mysterious and terrible husband—who at least was a human face and spoke with a human voice—would be a kind of relief to her. But the instinctive terror which had always underlain her girlish admiration of Keresyni had now filled her mind so completely as to leave no space for any other feeling. She could not forget how, when they had together before the altar, the consecrated tapers that burned on it suddenly went out (though not a breath of air was stirring), and how her old nurse had solemnly declared that a glance from the fiery eyes of the terrible bridegroom had made these weaker flames tremble and expire. Nor had she forgotten how Keresyni, in the presence of an argument with one of her father's military guests, had darted at his adviser a look beneath which Col. De Malt said:—

"—a strong and courageous man in the prime of life—seemed to shrink and wither like paper shriveling in the fire."

What could be this, man to whom she had bound herself forever? This man with the heavy-lidded eyes, the glance of a demon, accomplished as a hero of romance, yet savage as a wolf of the forest. That some fearful tragedy lay behind the impenetrable mystery that wrapped him like a pall she felt only too sure, and this suspicion was vaguely but terribly confirmed on the very day after their arrival at Janesville castle.

The two earlier meals having been taken in their own room, the evening repast was the princess' first introduction to the great dining hall, which, having been built to hold scores of armed men, lean, corpulent faces peering out at her from an adjoining loophole. No opposition, indeed, was made to the continuance of her morning meals, but whenever she ordered on her horse two of the mute phantoms that guarded her instantly mounted their horses to bear her company. It was plain, then, that for any victim once caught in these fatal toils there was no escape but death; and she felt instinctively that death itself was already hovering over her, and that its stroke would not be long delayed.

And now came a passing spell of wet and stormy weather that lasted for several days, during which Madeline, unable to venture out, employed her hours in leisurely exploring the interior of the castle, many parts of which were still quite new to her. She was all the more inclined to occupy herself in this way because here, and here alone, she was left unmolested by the ceaseless vigilance of the spies who dogged her every movement elsewhere.

In the course of one of these rambles she came upon a long narrow, gloomy passage, which she followed without knowing why. The rooms that opened out of it bore such marks of neglect and decay as showed that they must have lain uninhabited for years; but midway along the corridor she met with an even more striking token of disuse and abandonment—the doorway of a room which had been actually built up, as if it were never to be occupied again.

This itself would have been nothing very remarkable in such a place, but Madeline was startled to perceive by the freshness of the work that this room must have been closed up within the last few years.

Of what dark and mysterious tragedy had these voiceless stones been the mute witnesses? Had her husband, like other men of whom she had read, wandered up one of his enemies alive in this dismal retreat to perish by the slow torture of thirst and famine, or had he?

But at that thought she flung out her hands wildly, as if thrusting away from her some horrible specter, and was just turning to go back when she happened to notice that one of the posts of this blocked up door had parted slightly from the surrounding woodwork, leaving a crack through which it was possible to see into the mysterious chamber.

Driven by an impulse beyond her control she crept up to it and peeped through.

There was not much to be seen within after all—only a bare, dusty, unfurnished room, at the far end, and of which hung

a black curtain. But a strange horror fell suddenly upon her as she gazed, and, springing back as if from the edge of a precipice, she turned and fled away.

Two days after Madeline was wandering aimlessly along a tapestried gallery which she had not seen before, when her foot slipped and she fell with some force against the wall. To her surprise the wall seemed to yield with her, and she guessed that she must have accidentally touched the spring of some secret panel. She lifted the tapestry, pushed back an oaken panel which was standing ajar behind it, and found herself—with what feeling may be easily imagined—in the mysterious room with the black curtain.

For one moment she stood motionless, gazing round her with a secret horror which she could neither understand nor resist.

The door which had been walled up, when thus seen from the inside, appeared to be a massive framework of solid black oak, clamped and banded with iron; and the sight of it increased Madeline's terror, as she thought how frightful a secret must be for which even such defenses as these were accounted insufficient.

The room was covered so thickly with dust that her first step into it had stirred up a cloud which almost choked her; but on the bare, unpainted floor she saw a line of footprints leading up to the black curtain and another line returning from it. These footprints could belong to no one but her husband, and behind that curtain the secret must lie.

With a heart throbbing as if it would burst the excited girl went desperately up to the mysterious veil, paused irresolutely for one instant, and then, seizing the curtain convulsively with both hands, tore it back.

As she saw what it had concealed she uttered a low, choking cry.

"If I could only escape—but there is no hope of that! Or if I had even one friend near me whom I could trust!

Go send me some help quickly, before I die or go mad! Oh, father, father, what a handful of money worth wrecking my life for!"

It was a strange speech for a bride in the first week of her honeymoon; but to poor Madeline Keresyni that one week had seemed longer than a year.

And well it might. Could a single living soul be doomed to eternal imprisonment among the dead, that horrible exile would represent the life of such it could be called to by Madeline found herself fettered without help or hope of deliverance. The grim old feudal fortress, with its gloomy towers and crumbling battlements, its mildewed hangings, moth eaten tapestries and pictures mouldering out of their frames, seemed like a vast tomb itself, and the faint, gliding, spectral retainers who flitted noiselessly through its huge, desolate rooms along its ghostly passages had the withered, gray, lifeless aspect of dried up corpses. Their very movements had a slow, mechanical heaviness utterly unlike any motion of living men, and more appalling to poor Madeline than even the death like appearance of their faces.

But to the ill-fated girl the most terrifying characteristic of these human machines was their stony and unchanging silence. They never seemed to speak to each other; they never by any chance spoke to her, and when she gave an order or asked a question they either replied by signs or made no reply at all. Whether they were actually dumb, or whether their stern master had forbidden them to hold any communication with her, she never, from first to last, heard one of them utter a single word.

Amid this mute train of specters one might have thought that even the companionship of her mysterious and terrible husband—who at least was a human face and spoke with a human voice—would be a kind of relief to her. But the instinctive terror which had always underlain her girlish admiration of Keresyni had now filled her mind so completely as to leave no space for any other feeling. She could not forget how, when they had together before the altar, the consecrated tapers that burned on it suddenly went out (though not a breath of air was stirring), and how her old nurse had solemnly declared that a glance from the fiery eyes of the terrible bridegroom had made these weaker flames tremble and expire. Nor had she forgotten how Keresyni, in the presence of an argument with one of her father's military guests, had darted at his adviser a look beneath which Col. De Malt said:—

"—a strong and courageous man in the prime of life—seemed to shrink and wither like paper shriveling in the fire."

What could be this, man to whom she had bound herself forever? This man with the heavy-lidded eyes, the glance of a demon, accomplished as a hero of romance, yet savage as a wolf of the forest. That some fearful tragedy lay behind the impenetrable mystery that wrapped him like a pall she felt only too sure, and this suspicion was vaguely but terribly confirmed on the very day after their arrival at Janesville castle.

The two earlier meals having been taken in their own room, the evening repast was the princess' first introduction to the great dining hall, which, having been built to hold scores of armed men, lean, corpulent faces peering out at her from an adjoining loophole. No opposition, indeed, was made to the continuance of her morning meals, but whenever she ordered on her horse two of the mute phantoms that guarded her instantly mounted their horses to bear her company. It was plain, then, that for any victim once caught in these fatal toils there was no escape but death; and she felt instinctively that death itself was already hovering over her, and that its stroke would not be long delayed.

And now came a passing spell of wet and stormy weather that lasted for several days, during which Madeline, unable to venture out, employed her hours in leisurely exploring the interior of the castle, many parts of which were still quite new to her. She was all the more inclined to occupy herself in this way because here, and here alone, she was left unmolested by the ceaseless vigilance of the spies who dogged her every movement elsewhere.

In the course of one of these rambles she came upon a long narrow, gloomy passage, which she followed without knowing why. The rooms that opened out of it bore such marks of neglect and decay as showed that they must have lain uninhabited for years; but midway along the corridor she met with an even more striking token of disuse and abandonment—the doorway of a room which had been actually built up, as if it were never to be occupied again.

This itself would have been nothing very remarkable in such a place, but Madeline was startled to perceive by the freshness of the work that this room must have been closed up within the last few years.

Of what dark and mysterious tragedy had these voiceless stones been the mute witnesses? Had her husband, like other men of whom she had read, wandered up one of his enemies alive in this dismal retreat to perish by the slow torture of thirst and famine, or had he?



## NO BREAK IN OLD ROCK

Republicans Win the Day in Democratic Strongholds

## EDGERTON TAKEN BY STORM

No License Wins in Edgerton, Milton and Evansville. Patrons Play Into Democratic Hands in Avon, G. R. Crosby and William Hart Cast Lots

MILTON.—The election of P. M. Green as chairman of the board of supervisors over both of his opponents, is a victory that is creditable to both Mr. Green and the town. A determined effort was made by the democrats to defeat him, but their combined efforts came to naught, and the staunch old republican town will still be represented on the county board by a true-blue republican. The total vote was 490. The vote on license was: For, 118, against 232. The vote on a law-and-order fund was: For, 214, against 88. On gravel, 133, against 122. The following are the platitudes on the republican ticket: Supervisors, P. P. Green, chairman, 103; A. J. Wood, clerk, 111; L. Allen, 142; town clerk, L. A. Richardson, 155; treasurer, J. B. Tracy, 235; assessors, Miles Roe, 230; justices of the peace, E. P. Clarke, 146, A. O. Gifford, Jr., 143; constables, J. O. Anderson, 245, W. D. Livingston, 454, O. H. Osborn, 30; total vote 490. D. E. Thorpe, candidate for chairman on the democratic and people's ticket, received 137 votes, and G. B. Bardick, on the prohibition ticket, 75. The average democratic vote was 78 and the prohibition vote 75. The board of supervisors were instructed by a unanimous vote to defend the town in the suit of Gertrude Hard for damages to the coat of last resort.

EDGERTON, April 8.—Edgerton republicans made almost a clean sweep. Never before has there been such a fight with the republican candidates for mayor, E. G. Smith, squarely on a no-license platform to license. Smith's majority is 65 out of a total vote of nearly 1,000, the largest in the city's history.

EVANSVILLE, April 7.—The election was very quiet and orderly, two to one against license. U. A. Hollister, republican, is elected president of the village board by a good majority; B. W. Hubbard, chairman of supervisors for the town of Union.

TUSTLE.—Two republican tickets were presented, one headed by G. H. Crosby and one by Will Hart. Democrats polled 45 votes, and each of the republican tickets fifty-one. The election was decided by lot in favor of Will Hart. D. R. Murray and A. D. Parker are associate supervisors, and the other officers are—Clerk, C. H. Weirick; treasurer, W. B. Swingle; assessor, O. A. Gault; justices of the peace, full term, John Walker, John Weirick; justices of the peace, to fill vacancy, Ralph Miner, David Thorne, constables, Theodore Weirick, O. L. Talle, B. F. Hanahan; pound keeper, Phil Porter.

JANESVILLE.—The republican ticket was elected by a small majority. It is as follows: Supervisors, J. L. Bear, chairman, Thomas Little, Chas. B. Downing; town clerk, E. B. Burdick; assessor, David Drummond; treasurer, George B. Barker; justices of the peace, A. Walker, three years, O. N. Dalton, two years, O. L. DeForest one year; constables, Edward Davis, A. M. Hale, John Turnbull, ballot clerks, John B. Dutton, William Kennedy.

ROCK.—J. B. Humphrey, the republican nominee for chairman, made an exceptionally strong run, but was defeated by four votes. The ticket elected was—Supervisors, W. B. Barnes, chairman, Peter Skelly, Jr., west side, John Gollin, east side; clerk, M. O. Uehling; treasurer, Geo. Ois; assessor, R. F. Finley; justices of the peace, John Kilmer two years, W. Jeffis two years; constables, Joseph Williams, M. Mathies; pound masters, Geo. Sims, F. B. Haudel, E. B. Libby.

AVON.—The Patrons of Industry elected their ticket over the regular republican by two votes. John Huntley headed the republican ticket and O. H. Stordock the Patrons. Associate supervisors elected are T. Carroll and James Cox; clerk, A. O. Stordock; assessor, D. Ballis; treasurer, John Heston; justices of the peace, B. F. Waller, John Heston, Chas. Heston, constables, E. Ballis, G. Stokes, Chas. Meyer, W. A. Hannaman.

BRADFORD.—Republicans had little opposition and elected the following ticket: Supervisors, Robert Moore, chairman, E. H. Hanson, George A. Snyder, town clerk, W. J. Jones; assessor, F. B. Helmer; treasurer, H. L. Brown; justices of the peace, H. L. Luman, two years, William Wyma, two years, constables, Robert Jones, E. I. Dooley, H. Bowdoin; pound masters, O. C. Dean, Edith Luman.

LIMA.—The republican ticket received a majority of seventy. Those elected are—Supervisors, W. McIntyre, chairman, William Armstrong, O. S. Harris, town clerk, M. A. Child; assessor, Harvey Wilder; treasurer, J. D. Richmond; justices of the peace, John Wright, full term; J. D. Richmond, full term; constables, Joseph Kyle, T. J. Collins, O. A. Tabby; pound master, J. D. Richmond.

LA PRATHE.—Supervisors, Henry Tarrant, chairman; Robert Pollock, Joel E. Proctor; town clerk, S. H. Joiner; assessor, D. W. Benedict; assessor, Charles W. Stark; justices of the peace, Philo Thomas, full term; S. H. Joiner, full term; Henry Tarrant, vacancy; Marvin Warner, vacancy; constables, J. E. Gleason, Clarence VanGelder, J. H. Haviland; pound master, J. E. Gleason.

EDGERTON.—Edgerton republicans rallied and elected A. S. Flagg, mayor over W. P. Beatty by a majority of nine. The usual democratic majority is seventy-five. Henry Johnson, (republican) was elected clerk by 139 majority. The remainder of the ticket elected was democratic, majorities ranging from one hundred to two hundred. In the second ward T. B. Earle is tied with John Arthur for alderman.

FULTON.—O. E. Langworthy (Rep) was defeated for chairman by four votes. The remainder of the ticket was elected as follows: Supervisors, Wm. Clark, O. G. Biederman; town clerk, H. W. Lee; treasurer, George Lackner; assessor, J. L. Chamberlain; justices of the peace, T. B. Casson full term, David White full term, Wm. Hanks to fill vacancy; constables, Edwin Hallett, Wm. Saxby, Grant Walrath.

NEWARK.—The republican ticket was elected without opposition: Supervisors, E. C. Hoopes, chairman; F. L. B. Egbert, town clerk, M. E. Stebbins; assessor, R. Bills; treasurer, K. O. Bostad; justices of the peace, full term, E. Skinner, Nels Orpanen; constables, William Royce, Nels Benson. E. Menard ran for treasurer but was defeated.

UNION.—The vote in the town of Union was very light. Only one ticket was in the field as follows: Supervisors, B. W. Hubbard, chairman, Ira Jones, W. F. Little, clerk, J. O. Brown; treasurer, J. M. Taylor; assessor, V. H. Brink; justices, S. H. Frost, D. Van Patten; constables, S. Parnison, Chris Jorgensen. Judiciary ticket—Ellis 28; Finney 45.

FLEMYTH.—The republican ticket was elected without opposition as follows: Supervisors, Jonas Iman, chairman; Arne A. Bruusow, J. F. Wisch; clerk, M. Ehringer; assessor—K. N. Granbush; W. B. Wolfer, full term; T. H. Iman, full term; F. B. Child, to fill vacancy; H. Austin, to fill vacancy; constables, Frank P. Wells, F. Neeman, George Jones.

CENTER.—The republican town ticket was elected as follows: Supervisors, H. A. Edgerton, chairman, George Fellows, Seth Fisher; town clerk, O. S. Crow; treasurer, G. A. Whitmore; assessor, C. O. Popple; justices of the peace, W. H. Dean, full term, C. O. Fisher, full term, H. F. Nutt, to fill vacancy; constables, J. T. Snyder, Charles Rose.

CLINTON TOWN.—Republicans elected their ticket as follows: Supervisors, Byron Snyder, chairman, Iver Jacobson, O. Griswold; assessor, S. S. Jones; assessor, W. J. Latta; treasurer, Irving Snyder; justices, W. H. Northrop, August Rohlfing, A. Thome; constables, Martin Keim, G. R. Lake, A. W. Strong, John Keough, Jr.

EXETER TOWNSHIP.—Republicans had no opposition. The ticket elected is: Supervisor, O. N. Nye, chairman, H. C. Baldwin, L. S. Moseley; town clerk, A. O. Powers; treasurer, A. Cranston; assessor, Y. A. Kost; justices of the peace, H. Knill, H. J. Wilford; constables, A. T. Sisson, Thomas Moore.

PORTER.—The following ticket was elected: Supervisors, Charles Hogue, chairman, Charles McCarthy, James E. Flave; clerk, George Nichols; treasurer, Samuel Gammon; assessor, Daniel Rogers; justices of the peace, E. T. Store, burner, D. McCarthy, Frank Montgomery.

CLINTON VILLAGE.—The result of the vote on license was decided in favor of license in the village of Clinton. Six tickets were in the field, and the result can be called a victory for "Tammany."

SPRING VALLEY.—The regularly nominated republican ticket was elected without opposition, except on constables. Wesley Jones was defeated by Erick Erickson. There was a light vote—only 186.

E. J. SMITH AS MANAGER.  
T. J. Zeigler to Hold His Janesville Interests.  
The many friends of T. J. Zeigler will be pleased to learn that he has decided to continue his business in Janesville under the management of Ed J. Smith, who has taken an interest in the business. Mr. Smith has been in Mr. Zeigler's employ for a long time, and is thoroughly competent to assume the management. A new stock of goods are already being purchased and the store will maintain its well established reputation. The business last year was very satisfactory. Mr. Zeigler's intentions were to sell out but he was unable to do so without too great a sacrifice, and so decided to continue as stated. He starts for Minneapolis tomorrow night to take charge of Browning, King & Co.'s business, and will be joined by Mr. Zeigler about the first of May. Frank Hoguebom has also entered Mr. Zeigler's employ as salesman and accountant. His returns to Janesville after an absence of eight years, and will be pleased to renew old time acquaintances.

## HAD NOTES TO SPARE.

Mayor St. John Re-elected by a Majority of 233.

## REPUBLICAN SCHOOL BOARD

Three Republican Aldermen, Two School Commissioners and a Republican Member of Streets Gives the Faithful Much to Rejoice Over—Vote in Detail.

What at first promised to be a light vote proved in the end to be one of the heaviest that Janesville has ever cast. During the afternoon poll lists were checked up, and it either the lame, the halt or the blind failed to reach the polls it was because the carriages couldn't reach them.

The principal contest was on mayor, in behalf of Dr. Robinson money was freely spent. The forty-two saloon men felt that they could afford to pay \$100 apiece for his election and still be ahead. Their efforts were unavailing as the following table of majorities shows:

J. W. St. John, 233  
George H. Bates, 278  
M. S. Prichard, 59  
George Hanthorn, 200  
M. S. Prichard, 59  
E. Quinn, 235

In detail the vote on mayor is as follows:

St. Fisher; board clerk, C. S. Crow-  
 treasurer, G. A. Whitmore; assessor, C.  
 O. Poppel; justices of the peace, W. H.  
 Dean, full term, C. C. Fisher, full term,  
 H. F. Nott, to fill vacancy; constables,  
 T. Snyder, Charles Ross.

CLINTON TOWN—Republicans elected  
 their ticket as follows: Supervisors, W.  
 r. n. Snyder chairman, Iver Jacobson  
 O. Griswold; clerk, S. S. Jones; assessor,  
 W. J. Latta; treasurer, Irving Snyder;  
 justices, W. H. Northrop, August Rohl-  
 ing, A. Thom; constables, Martin Rein-  
 er, S. G. Lake, A. W. Strang, O. S.